

StarGazing

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Summary: Looking at stars means different things to different people.
PWP

StarGazing

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I closed my eyes and tried my best to fall asleep.

Forget counting sheep, I'd tried that. When I did, I kept seeing visions of the lambs sacrificed while we were chained to Loki's wall. How long ago had that been? A month? Two?

I gave up on sleep and sat up. David was asleep; snoring slightly with his hand still on the sword. April laid curled up in a ball for warmth- it was too close to some sort of a palace to light a fire and give our position away. Jalil was awake, of course; it was his turn to stand watch. He had to stay awake, but me? I could get a much-needed sleep, cross over, and, I don't know, go to a nightclub or something.

Only I couldn't.

I got up and trudged over to Jalil. He was looking up at the sky thoughtfully.

"The stars." He said quietly.

"Umâ€¦|" Interesting way of starting off a conversation.
"Yeah."

Obviously I'd given the wrong answer, because Jalil was silent.

The stars were awfully nice, though I'm not one for stargazing.

"They're brighter then at home, uh, more of them too?" I tried again,

don't ask me why, I guess I was kindaâ€¦ lonely.

"That's because there isn't any light pollution. No electric lights to tamper with the overall darkness."

"Dragons, Elves, Leprechauns, and giant bug aliensâ€¦ but no light bulbs?

"W.T.E" Jalil said sardonically.

"A lotta stars." Mumbled a sleepy voice. David appeared behind us, rubbing his eyes, still wobbly with fatigue.

"Yeah General, we've gone through that already." I snapped.

David ignored me and turned to Jalil, all signs of weariness gone, "Do you think we could tell which way we're going with those? You know, North Star or whatever?"

Jalil squinted at the sky, "No way of knowing, man. Who knows what kind of star structure they have here? For all we know those stars might not even exist. They mightâ€¦" Suddenly he turned around and kicked a rock across the ground in frustration.

It must bother Jalil a lot, not knowing how this stuff works. As for me, I don't care. I saw stars, there for they're real. Keep life simple.

"Is this an all guy thing, or can I join?" Without waiting for an answer, April sauntered over and tipped her head back as far as it could go.

"My God, those stars are beautiful." She whispered in awe. "My Lord, it almost makes up forâ€¦" She trailed off.

"Yeah" I said bitterly, "Key word: _Almost_."

For a few minutes we just stood there, looking at the stars.

"It's my turn to take up watch." April said finally. She whispered it, as if we were in a church or something.

David, Jalil, and I all dragged ourselves back to our respective patches of dirt.

To my surprise, I heard April singing:

—

Stars

> In your multitudes
 Scarce to be counted
> Filling the darkness
 With order and light
> You are the sentinels
 Silent and sure
> Keeping watch in the night<p>— — — — —

I'll say this for April; she has a great voice. She went on singing, though in my sudden drowsiness I only caught wisps of it.

—

You know your place in the sky
> You hold your course and your aim
 And each in your season
> Returns and returns
 And is always the same

— — — — — — — — — —

I took one more look at the world that had become a nightmare and
curse, but also, sometimes, a place with some kind of strange
beauty.

—

And so it has been and so it is written
> On the doorway to paradise<p>— — — — — — — — — —

Not that I'm turning into David or anything.

—

That those who falter and those who fall
> Must pay the price <p>— — — — — — — — — —

With April's lullaby in my ears, I finally found sleep.

—

This I swear
> This I swear by the stars!<p>— — — — — — — — — —

—

—

Wellâ€¦ there it is!

Everworld and all those lovely characters belong to KA
Applegate.

The song is from Les Mis: One of the best musicals of all time.

I'd like to thank Eme, for being a constant reminder that being
insane can be fun.

And to Chellie87 for the cute e-mail card and constant support.

My E-mail in Illah44@aol.com

End
file.